The Journal.

W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate showers.

The political parson is about as useful and satisfactory as the crowing hen.

The campaign of 1896 will make an impression in history on account of its abnormal doubtful column.

A third ticket composed of Cleveland and Carlisle would give a most striking illustration of ingratitude.

Although the announcement has not been made, it is perfectly safe to assume Joe Manley will not manage Tom Reed's Congressional campaign.

Perhaps Mr. Cleveland desires to amend his 1892 letter so as to be understood as being for party loyalty only in those years when the name of Cleveland is on the ticket.

Mr. Platt feels that Mr. Hanna will need him before the close of the campaign. The indications are that he will need more than Mr. Platt and the votes the easy boss controls.

If there is to be a third ticket it cannot be Cleveland and Stevenson. The Vice-President has announced his determination to support the party that gave him his present honors.

By deciding to remain in the Democratic party Secretary Hoke Smith may find his position in the Cabinet rather uncomfortable, but it is to be preferred to a position in the Republican party.

John Sherman makes haste to deny [illegible] from the United States Senate. Sherman never had a desire to retire from any of the offices he has held, and the person who started the rumor was stupid.

Mark Hanna's "object lessons" are being instituted in the Northwestern mining districts. As Hanna is a large holder of stock in these mines, he has no trouble in bringing about the "shut downs" which are expected to influence the votes of the men shut out.

POLITICS IN THE SUPREME COURT.

It is all nonsense to claim that the Supreme Court is not a political body. With the exception of Justices Field and Jackson, not a Judge has been put on the bench for fifty years who was not a member, at the time of his appointment, of the party in power. Nor is this all. In cases involving political nd economic questions, upon which ties were sharply divided, these s have divided according to their party affiliations. Who can forget the Commission appointed by Congress to settle the Tilden-Hayes controversy over the Presidency in 1876, and how the Judges of the Supreme Court that served on that Commission divided according to their political affiliations?

Equally significant were the legal tender cases. The court, first, in 1870, by a vote of five to three, held that the Government had no right to issue legal tender paper money. The five voting against this Republican measure were all Democrats save Chase, who had been a Democrat. The three favoring it were Republicans. One of these five then left the bench, and the three Republicans were reinforced by two others, Strong and Bradley, for the court, quite significantly, was at this time increased from eight to nine judges. Thereupon, in a new case involving precisely the same principles as before, the first decision was reversed by a vote of five to four. The two decisions were based on opposite views of a question of political economy, as to whether the legal tender feature improved the quality of money.

In 1884 the question was again before the court, this time with reference to the right to issue legal tender paper money in time of peace. This time, but one Democrat being on the bench to vote no, the law was sustained by a vote of eight to one.

In commenting upon these decisions, involving vast pecuniary interests, Professor Charles A. Kent, for eighteen years at the University of Michigan Law School, remarks that they "must probably be traced to the political views of the Judges." And he further says, Judges "do not lose their political prejudices by their transfer to the bench. The general character of a Judge, his special idiosyncrasies, his personal jealousies even, may affect his decision of the gravest constitutional question."

If President Cleveland puts Carlisle upon the bench, as it is rumored that he desires, is there any doubt how the new Judge would vote on many constitutional questions?

When, therefore, the Democratic platform pledges itself to put upon the Supreme bench Judges in harmony with Democratic views, how is it acting differently from both the old parties for the last two or more generations? Perhaps it is a little more frank, that is all, and frankness is to be commended. Is it not about time that the opponents of the Chicago platform stopped their pharisaical claim of superior righteousness?

THE RICH MAN'S CANDIDATE.

The alliance of McKinley with the elements in society which stand for oppression of the laboring man and for spoliation of the people generally is made more evident as the work of the campaign progresses. The record of Mark Hanna, millionaire monopolist, street railway magnate and inveterate foe to organized labor, is already notorious. To his aid Hanna has now summoned Henry C. Payne, the controlling spirit of the street railway lines of Milwaukee. Payne has just succeeded in quelling a bitterly contested strike of the employes of his street railway corporation, employing to win his victory expedients which not only must make him hated by workingmen in all parts of the country, but which have been condemned by fair-minded persons of every station in life. In the strike the men engaged the sympathy and to some degree the assistance of the citizens. The injustice of their treatment by the corporation under the able management of Mr. Payne was so notorious that for a week the people of Milwaukee, by common consent, refused to patronize the street cars, even though they were running. But upon Henry C. Payne, now Western manager of McKinley's campaign, neither the justice of the men's demands nor the indignation of the people had any effect. His profits occupied his mind to the exclusion of everything else. To maintain them at the highest point he exacted of the men the maximum of work for the minimum of pay, and crushed out their effort to compel justice with the brute force of capital.

The McKinley compaign is being waged by and for the moneyed classes, and it is, accordingly, not surprising to note that a finance committee has been appointed in Chicago which represents, as a McKinley organ proudly boasts, more than $[illegible],000,000 as the joint wealth of its members. At the head of this committee stands a director of the most grasping and unscrupulous street railway corporation in Chicago—a corporation which has stifled competition by openly violating the law of the State, which holds the whole south side of the city in its grasp and enjoys the use of scores of miles of streets for which it pays the people nothing, which has bribed Aldermen, corrupted jurors and tampered with assessors. With the director of this corporation is associated in the patriotic task of raising a campaign fund for William McKinley a member of the packers' combine known as the "Big Four," which has for years forced the farmer to accept constantly decreasing prices for his live stock, while on the other hand exacting from the consumers of dressed meats the highest prices, and denying to independent butchers and marketmen throughout the nation the right to do business and to earn an honest living. With the beneficiary of the beef trust and the beneficiary of the street railway trust is joined a Chicago representative of the coal trust, whose millions have been made through his confidential relations with officials of railroads. Of the other members of this much applauded finance committee scarcely one is free from connection with a monopoly which bears more or less heavily upon the people; scarcely one is not aligned with McKinley for personal and mercenary reasons only.

McKinleyites have noisily asserted that the Democratic platform appeals to class antagonism. That the Presidential contest is taking on the form of a struggle between rival classes it would be idle to deny, but it is Hanna who has raised the class issue. He has made it clear that the McKinley campaign is to be led by men with plethoric purses. His motto is: "Put none but millionaires on guard."

WARNER ON WHITE.

Mr. Andrew D. White's invitation to certain distinguished Democrats to vote for McKinley to save the country from revolution, anarchy, socialism and various other terrors detected by his eagle eye in the Chicago platform, has not had the enthusiastic welcome its author expected. In fact, it has been riddled from various directions. It has not had the unanimous approval even of the curious new faction of McKinley Democrats, and its extravagant assumptions have been mercilessly exposed by less friendly critics.

One of the most effective replies to Mr. White has been furnished by one of the gentlemen to whom his letter was addressed—Mr. John De Witt Warner. Mr. Warner is not a believer in free silver, and on this account he opposes the Chicago ticket. But he cannot bring himself to favor the election of McKinley, and he punctures the monstrous absurdities about the other parts of the Democratic platform with quiet effectiveness. He shows that the demand for an income tax, the protest against the power of concentrated wealth, the distrust of corporations, the hostility to centralized government, and the objection to the substitution of the arbitrary will of judges for the due processes of criminal law are not symptoms of anarchy, but of just discontent with dangerous abuses. "If so large a proportion of our people," he remarks, "are really Anarchists and Socialists, conspiring to plunder their country, it is already ruined. If, however, these fellow-citizens of ours are on the whole well intentioned and sincere, there is nothing to fear if we meet them fairly and reason together."

Mr. Warner asks the pointed question:

Has not the absorption of wealth by the few, the consolidation of our leading railroad systems and the formation of trusts and pools created a new situation which our Government must control or by which it must be controlled?

The flagrant wrongs perpetrated by means of "government by injunction" are dwelt upon, and corporations are warned that they are pursuing a mistaken and dangerous policy when they rely upon a handful of Federal troops for protection rather than upon justice, enlisting in its defence the willing aid of the whole people.

The friends of the Chicago ticket have more to fear from opponents like Mr. Warner than from the frenzied declaimers who find revolution and anarchy in every plank of the platform. It seems never to occur to these gentlemen that people of wealth cast only one vote apiece in this country, and that their attempt to draw a class line must necessarily, if successful, leave a large majority of the voters on the wrong side. Fortunately for Mr. Bryan, this fatuous plan of campaign is such a hot favorite among his opponents that the few cool voices occasionally raised in protest are hardly audible.

THE SCIENCE OF CRIME.

The annoying experience of Mr. Charles Melville, whose business plans were interfered with by his arrest in Chicago recently, is a further illustration of the folly of pursuing one of the skilled trades without keeping one's self posted as to developments and methods. If Mr. Mellville had read the report of the Committee on Explosives and Lead Pipe of the Amalgamated Burglars' Protective Association, that was published in a recent number of the Cheerful Worker, he might not now be languishing in durance in a place like Chicago.

It appears that Mr. Melville was apprehended while on his way to Little Falls, in this State, with a box of dynamite, which he intended to use for the purpose of blowing up one James Brown, a prosperous hermit of that village, with a view to the abrupt inheritance of his worldly goods. The most cursory examination of the report we have mentioned, made by the chairman of the committee, Mr. Shang Draper, one of our leading bank burglars, might have convinced Mr. Melville that he was adopting the wrong course in using dynamite as an inducement for Mr. Brown to penetrate the mysteries of the hereafter.

A clause of the report, based on material taken from the posthumous papers of Mr. Red Leary, a gentleman who was familiar with every branch of his profession, bears particularly upon Mr. Melville's case. It appears that Mr. Leary on one occasion, more as a matter of experiment than with absolute confidence in the method, blew up a small capitalist, using precisely the same means that Melville had considered to be effective. The result, as set down by Mr. Leary, was that not only the hermit and his cave vanished from the face of the earth, but the stocking containing his money disappeared also, and a valuable bulldog belonging to Mr. Leary was scattered over so much territory that its owner was only able to recover the silver plate to its collar in an adjoining county.

Mr. Melville's experience is only another argument to prove that the specialist in these days must keep himself informed upon all matters relating to his vocation. It needs more than a certificate of graduation from a State prison to enable a burglar to rank himself with the leaders of his profession. The skilled operator of to-day must be an earnest student, capable of self-denial, in order to thoroughly master his subject and he must keep himself acquainted with contemporaneous effort along his particular line.

The labor organizations are making some ugly holes in Mr. Hanna's trocha. The Cleveland syndicate manager is rapidly finding out that a record as a labor crusher is not a good attachment for a man who aspires to make and own a President.

Don Cameron says he can serve the cause of free silver without voting against McKinley. Possibly the Pennsylvania Senator has heard from the Canton man by mail.

The Chicago Platform and the Supreme Court.

The Editor of the Journal:

The fierceness with which some of your gold contemporaries denounce the plank of the Democratic platform declaring for an income tax notwithstanding the decision of the Supreme Court adverse to the recent law imposing such a tax, recalls the historic debate between Mr. Lincoln and Judge Douglas in 1857. In the course of that debate Judge Douglas charged Mr. Lincoln and his party with "resisting" what was known as the Dred Scott decision, and in answer to that charge Mr. Lincoln thus states his view of the extent to which a Supreme Court decision is binding upon the public "as a ruler of political action."

"Judicial decisions have two uses. First, to absolutely determine the case decided, and, secondly, to indicate to the public how other similar cases will be decided when they arise. For the latter use they are called 'precedents,' and are of greater or less authority, according to circumstances. If the Dred Scott decision had been made by the unanimous concurrence of all the judges, and without any apparent partisan bias and in accordance with legal expectation and the the steady practice of the departments throughout our history, or if it had been before the court more than once, and had there been affirmed and reaffirmed through a course of years, it might then be factious not to acquiesce in it as a precedent. But when, as is true, we find it wanting in all these claims to the public confidence, it is not factious, it is not even disrespectful to treat it as not having yet quite established a settled doctrine for the country.

"This same court once decided a national bank to be constitutional, but General Jackson, as President of the United States, disregarded the decision and vetoed a bill for a re-charter of the bank partly on constitutional grounds. Again and again I have heard Judge Douglas denounce that decision and applaud General Jackson for disregarding it. The sacredness which Judge Douglas throws around this Dred Scott decision is a degree of sacredness that has never before been thrown around any other decision. I never heard of such a thing. We believe the Dred Scott decision to be erroneous. We know that the court that made it has often overruled its own decisions, and we shall do what we can to have it overrule this. We do not 'resist' it. If I wanted to take Dred Scott from his master, that would be 'resisting' the decision, but I am doing no such thing as that. I simply refuse to obey it as a political rule."

Here we have Mr. Lincoln's opinion as to how far the public is bound to follow a Supreme Court decision politically. He cites General Jackson in support of his view, and quotes Judge Douglas as approving the course of General Jackson. Under these precedents there is nothing improper in the attitude of the Chicago platform toward the Supreme Court. The Income Tax decision is certainly less entitled to public confidence on the record than that of the Dred Scott case, for not only was it made by a bare majority of a divided court, but it was a flat reversal of an elaborate judgment of the same court on the same law.

The platform does not, however, "resist" the decision as it stands. If it were proposed to levy and collect an income tax under the law declared to be unconstitutional, that would be "resistance" to the court, and hence revolutionary, but nothing of the kind is contemplated. It must be remembered that the American people reserve the right to express their views in respect to all branches of the public service. The Supreme Court enjoys no exemption from this rule. Whether the language of the platform is sufficiently reverential toward the court is more a matter of good manners than of civil or political heresy. But the convention was in no mood for the refinements of rhetoric or the finesse of the parliamentarian. Its declarations are a resentful protest against what it deems the oppression of the people by trusts and monopolies, and the language used is, as it should be, straightforward, and determined. Freedom of speech in the discussion of public affairs is a part of the unwritten law of the country, and tends to the beneficence and stability of the Government. Those who would deny or restrict this right to a representative body like the Chicago Convention are either thoughtless or insincere. A REPUBLICAN.

"Greatest Paper In New York."

In another article we present some extracts from an editorial in the New York Journal, the greatest paper in the city of New York. Like all the New York and nearly all the Eastern papers, the Journal was opposed to the free and independent coinage of silver, believing, as was contended by the advocates of the present system, that we should wait for international agreement, but it believed in bimetallism, and when the Democratic Convention, representing the Democratic party, declared that the time had come to inaugurate that bimetallism without waiting longer for the co-operation of other nations, like a loyal Democrat it accepted the decision and gave its cordial support to the platform and the ticket.—Wilmington (N. C.) Star.

"Brightest and Most Enterprising."

The New York Journal, the brightest and most enterprising paper of New York City, comes out for the Democratic national ticket. It is the only one in the metropolis. So much the better for the Journal, and so much the worse for the other alleged Democratic papers. The Journal says that "nobody who realizes what is at stake in this campaign can vote to abandon government of the people, by the people, for the people, in favor of government of McKinley, by Hanna, for a syndicate." Or, as Cleveland put it, the Presidency is "no place for a mortgaged man."—Pittsburg Post.

Records to Be Looked Up.

"Those Democrats who are contemplating a change of politics," says the New York Journal very pertinently, "should first make an examination of McKinley's record as Governor of Ohio." And also of the Republican party's record whenever it was in power. No good is to be expected of that party in any event, whatever its professed "platform," or howsoever respectable its nominal leader.—Charlestun (S. C.) News.

Truth and Fact.

The New York Journal is the only New York paper of any consequence that is supporting the Democratic ticket; but it is doing some excellent work in a field which offers a splendid opportunity. Before the convention the Journal, like all other Eastern papers, opposed the equal coinage idea, but it does not assume to set itself up against the party's action nor to denounce one of the largest conventions in the party's history as an aggregation of Anarchists. The Journal's utterances of truth and fact are in striking contrast to the delirious abuse and invective of those papers which are assailing the ticket and platform, and whose misrepresentations are so gross and absurd as to deceive no intelligent reader. The platform is one of the best ever adopted, whatever may be thought of the money plank. The more it is studied the more it will grow in public favor, in spite of the wild abuse that is being heaped upon it.—Knoxville (Tenn.) Tribune.

"And Wherefore Do the Poor Complain?"

Mr. John Bealin, of the Free Employment Bureau, says that there are 60,000 unemployed people in New York City to-day. The Free Employment Bureau is so besieged with applicants for work that it is almost impossible to register one-half their names.

Twelve thousand Brooklyn and New York tailors have announced their intention of going out on strike. They are striking for shorter hours and better pay. They have been working sixteen and eighteen hours a day, and they've been getting $1 a day.

A woman and three children were found starving in a tenement.

A man fainted in the police court. He had not tasted food for five days, and two persons committed suicide in this city to escape a slow death by starvation.

A gentlemanly philanthropist established a dog hospital. There are surgeons and nurses at the hospital. There is an ambulance there, which can be called by the police, and the hospital is absolutely free to all dogs suspected of hydrophobia.

What have all these things to do with each other?

Nothing. They all appear on the local pages of the same paper, that's all.

There are some other interesting things in the paper of yesterday. A clergyman of good standing is missing. His wife is nearly frantic with anxiety and distress. The parishioners are surprised and troubled. They say the minister must have met with foul play. He had a good church, a fine congregation, a loving wife, three beautiful children and $800 a year to live on. What could have made his path anything but one of roses.

Most electrifying of all comes the intelligence that the men in convention in St. Louis are badly dressed. They wear queer hats, their neckties are not up to date, and they do not hire at the hotel suites of apartments with bath rooms.

Some of them wear beards and not one of them is clean-shaven in the only proper way.

Now if those tailors would only look at things the right way, they'd stop thinking about their wages and put their minds on the latest thing in the way of a varnish part. The 60,000 unemployed, too—why do they hesitate in this hour of the country's dire necessity. Why don't they stop looking for work and go to looking for a bath-tub and a change of linen?

The suicides—but who can reason with a suicide? A man who is fool enough to prefer a quick death to a slow agony of starvation, a man who does not know anything about hats or sticks or even about good form in shoes—what can you expect of such a fellow, but love and hate, and hunger, and despair, and gratitude, and heart-sick humiliation and the rest of the primitive emotions?

As for the minister with $800 a year and a wife and three children, and a fastidious and refined parish—well, well! the world is come to ambitious days!

WINIFRED BLACK.

Midsummer in the Galleries.

The town at this moment is full of visitors who are interested in art. These are for the most part clubwomen fresh from their studies, which invariably include art, and it is only in the large cities they are able to visit galleries and verify their knowledge by observation.

The hospitable instincts of this city always make preparations for this season's guests. The Metropolitan Museum is never in better shape. The owners of valuable paintings loan them more readily in the Summer, when their own houses are closed, and their works of art are more safely cared for at the museum than at home.

There is always a special exhibition or two. There is one now for the Tribune Fresh Air Fund and the Herald Ice Fund at the American Art Galleries. The exhibition is made up of loan works from other galleries.

At Durand-Ruel's there is a valuable exhibition for purposes of study of modern art. In the passageway hangs that collection of colored etchings by Mary C. Cassatt that is among the novelties of modern art. In the smaller gallery a good collection of the Barbizon painters has been hung. In the large gallery are a number of paintings remaining from the Manet exhibition. It is not often in so small a compass can works so widely illustrative be seen.

At Schaus's, Knoedler's and Goupil's the more conventional phases of French art are on view; while at Avery's the Americans are conspicuous. Those who are entertained by individual and independent work will find the remains of the A. B. Davies exhibition at the Macbeth gallery, which during the season caused some hair-pulling in artistic circles.

Geographic Paradoxes.

"Did you ever notice," asked the Park Pessimist, "the curious results of the vast exchange in commerce between the nations?"

"That's rather an indefinite proposition."

"Well, perhaps it is. What I mean is this: My friend Hawks has an umbrella he's especially proud of. It's of English make. Where do you suppose he bought it?"

"England."

"Wrong. Got it in Berlin. Then there's our own California canned fruit. Do you know where we get the best that's put up? In England. The same thing applies to Newtown pippins, the best apples, to my mind, that grow. Some of the best cutlery in the world is made in Solingen, but they send it to England to be sold."

"Look here, isn't there anything that's good right here in America?"

"Oh, yes; there's French cooking. You know the reputation French cooking has the world over. Do you know where you can get it better than anywhere else in the world?"

"Where?"

"Right here in New York."

Their Philanthropy.

[Springfield News.]

It is a funny if not a suspicious spectacle to see these ultra rich men fretting themselves so terribly over the disasters that will fall upon the poor under free silver.

Warning to Bolters.

[Washington Post.]

Some of the bolting newspapers will be sorry when they see the Bryan children sliding down the White House cellar door.

Another Libel.

[St. Joseph News.]

The cornfield shake the Democratic candidate for President has been getting has given him a glass arm.

Disqualified.

[Cleveland Leader.]

John L. Sullivan will stump Massachusetts for Bryan. But Sullivan has never gained much through his oratory. When hitting went out of the fashion he lost the championship.

The Real Issue.

[Houston Post.]

Will you stand for Democracy and a government by the people, or for Republicanism and a government on the European plan? That is the question at last at the bottom of all the others.

Swarms of Us Now in London.

London, July 10.—The world will surely turn upside down if the English begin to change their ways. It looks as if this were going to happen. They are showing an intelligent acquaintance with our geography and our public men, for one unheard of thing. The Prince of Wales has had electric lights put in his town house; the suffocating, sulphurous, underground railway is experimenting with electric motors, and the newspapers are printing pictures. Vestibuled trains with saloon cars are appearing on the railways and the theatres are beginning to give away programmes to the audiences. But the most surprising, rock-shivering revolution makes the latest news of the week—the city merchants have formally agreed to let their clerks wear straw hats. It has been as hot here as Chicago during a national convention, so something had to be done for the clerks, but who could have dreamed that the traditional dress of the tens of thousands of clerks who have always gone about sweltering in their hats was thus suddenly to be changed? It probably has taken ever since the French Revolution for them to get their high hats, and no one supposed they would lose them inside of another century.

This change makes it bothersome for me to pick out the Americans in the streets. For weeks I have been riding about on the tops of buses (the chariots of the masses) and picking out Americans by their derby hats and straw ties. Fancy my surprise then, when I see on the Strand my cigar counter clerk in a straw hat, and Bob Fitzsimmons, the champion of the world, in a silk tile. By the way, I stepped down from my chariot when I saw the pugilist, and said "Hello! are you over here to fight?" "No," said he, and his answer was such as Alexander might have made when he had rounded up the world; "There's nobody here to fight. I can stop them all in four rounds."

There are about 50,000 of us here, and part of this huge burg has become almost home-like in consequence. Westminster Abbey is as American a resort as the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and you could not go amiss in St. Paul's or the Tower if you went up to the first man or woman in the crowd and said, "Hurrah for Old Glory!"

Some of the American men who come here are a terror to their countrymen. They seem to have had enough money to get here with, and, once here, they borrow to get back. They catch us who are rooted here, and cannot get away. One American resident, a well-known novelist, got a card from a hard-up the other day, and asked him in. The visitor began to tell him how much he admired the novelist's work, how he had read every line he had ever written and—there the novelist stopped him. "See here," said he, "you have run short of money and are 3,000 miles from home, and want the slight favor of a—and so forth and so forth. I understand; you needn't say a word. Now, don't you think you are wasting your time with me? I am only a novelist, and I have a family. I could not possibly loan you more than five shillings, but if you would go to Astor and spend the same time and money on him, telling him how fond you are of his books, he could give you a hundred dollars."

The visitor rose to his feet. "You are a brick," said he. "Thank you very much. I'll go and see Astor at once."

There is another way of telling Americans without looking at their hats. It is by their quick, alert, nervous movements, their bright, wide-awake faces and their conscious independence and pride. You thought I was going to say by their speech, but that is not so. The sharp, nasal speech that the English ascribe to us is only the heritage of a few of us, and we get it from the English. Down in Cornwall and up in Yorkshire they have the same sharp "a" that we use. Here in London the cockneys all say "caow," and "raound," and "naow," just as our Philadelphians and some Yankees do. No, there is no sense in that old gibe about our speech. We got it from these folks, and we left it here besides. JULIAN RALPH.

Lo! the Poor Landlord.

The landlord and the landlady belong to two different and opposed professions. A score of years ago the floating population of town dwelt with the landlady. Then came the landlord with schemes for the Encouragement of the Domestic Instinct, and built flats. This was regarded as almost philanthropic, and "God Bless Our Flat" soon hung over countless doors.

Naturally the landlady did not like it. Now that estimable and hardworked woman, reading her morning paper, announces an interesting serial called "The Boarding-House Keeper's Revenge." She is reading the advertisements of flats, and comments that she never had to offer free lodgings even for a week to get tenants. This implication is based on the concession now common of free rent for one, two, even three months, from the owners of flats. One house, in fact, offers free rent until October. The condition is that the tenants remain for the next year. The condition, however, cannot be enforced.

The temptation to sanguine people to instal themselves comfortably for the Summer is accordingly great. A couple of months of free rent give the hopeful householder time to establish his wobbling finances, and he looks forward to the prompt payment of next year's rent as a well earned luxury. When circumstances overthrow these hopes he regards himself as an unfortunate man, and consults the advertisements for another flat. Inevitably he selects the one which offers him another chance to catch his financial breath.

A real estate agent of experience says that 75 per cent of the people living in flats under $50 a month rent pay more than they can afford. Another says that the greater number pay one-third of their incomes for rent. Disaster is the inevitable consequence, or those moral results that come from a lessened sense of responsibility.

Conversation with a number of real estate agents places the responsibility for the prevailing condition upon the speculative builder. In the natural order of things the builder keeps to his building. He builds for somebody. At present he is the cook and the captain, too, and the mate of the Nancy brig. He is the builder, the landlord, the real estate dealer. He has overstocked the market. To show that flat houses are good investments he must show full houses. To show full houses he must offer inducements to tenants. One enterprising man has offered, in addition to gas ranges and hot water, free fire insurance.

These concessions have forced the other landlords and agents into line. It is reported of one of the oldest estates in town that 600 of its apartments now stand empty because of its refusal to meet these terms. It is the hope and occasionally the belief of the real estate men that this is a transitional state which rapid transit and the growth of the population will eventually end.

Sadder but Wiser.

[Chicago Dispatch.]

We don't believe Mr. Whitney ever again will attempt to feed the animals raw meat in full view of the audience.

Getting Anxious.

[Kansas City World.]

The sooner the McKinley-Hobart "bar'l" is turned loose the sooner it will be empty.

The Grewsome Grip at Dead Man's Curve.

At breakneck speed I glide along
The rolling, grimy cobbles,
And rarely even ring the gong
For him who limps or hobbles.
To rip and rattle on the wing
I rally all my forces—
The truck I from me madly fling,
And crunch the prancing horses.
At Dead Man's Curve the crowd I mow—
The head and trunk I sever—
Though 'buses come and 'buses go
I mangle on forever.

The heedless boy slips under me—
The moment that he tumbles
I clasp him in my wheels and he
Disintegrates and crumbles.
With cuticle I strew the street
In manner grim and solemn,
And knock the copper off his beat
Upon his spinal column.
I scatter finger, arm and toe—
My off-hand manner's clever—
Though 'buses come and 'buses go
I mangle on forever.

I gloom, I glance, I sport and frisk—
I am the king of friskers—
The cit. from off my step I whisk,
And spin him on his whiskers.
I make them wilt who try to cross
My pathway o'er the pavestones;
I make a golden smile emboss
The corner of the gravestones.
To make the blood of mortals flow
Will be my great endeavor—
Though 'buses come and 'buses go
I mangle on forever.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Pranks of a Jolly Jack Tar Ashore.

He was an old heavy-weather man—a "flat foot," in the vernacular of the paint-scrubbing, bright-work cleaning sailors who man the steel fighting machines of the New Navy, and the rating badge on the starboard arm of his overshirt showed him to be a second-class bo'sun's mate. "Raleigh" was gilt lettered on his cap ribbon. He slumbered peacefully in a transverse seat on a downtown Sixth avenue "L" train about 2 o'clock in the morning. At Forty-second street another sailor man of the United States Navy, also very groggy, but not in the sleepy stage, got on. His cap ribbon showed him to be a shipmate of the old salt who was sleeping. He took a seat right behind the old bo'sun's mate.

A minute or so after he sat down the few people in the train were startled to hear a shrill whistle, like that of a bo'sun's pipe, followed by the words in a heavy basso profundo:

"All hands up anchor!"

Everybody looked in the direction of the last arrived sailor, but he was stonily gazing out of the window. The mysterious passing of the familiar ship's call made the old bo'sun's mate rub his eyes sleepily. He tried to arouse himself, but quickly subsided. After a short interval the piercing whistle went again, and the same voice bawled out:

"Sta-a-a-nd by, scrub and wash clothes!"

The old tar in the front seat moved uneasily, but sleep continued to bear him down. His shipmate continued staring out the window. But the passengers in car had discovered the source of the calls, and were amusedly watching the little play.

Another whistle, and, "Awa-a-a-y whaleboat!" rang out. The old man muttered in his sleep. Then "All hands stand by to moor ship!" clove the air. This was quickly followed by more ear-splitting whistles, and the passing of these calls in rapid succession and in thunderously husky tones:

"Aa-a-anchor watch to muster!"

"All the port watch on deck! One man at the cathead and one to relieve the wheel!"

"All hands coal ship!"

"All the starboard watch make sail!"

"La-a-y aft the master-at-arms!"

"All the gun divisions below to draw small stores!"

"Strike seven bells!"

"St-a-nd by hammocks!"

"Up-p-p, all hands and the cook!"

The old left-over from the "Tuscarora" or the "Tallapoosa" was by this time making desperate efforts to get awake, but he couldn't manage it. Then there was a whistle, shriller and longer drawn out than all the rest, and the call that followed was almost a roar:

"A[illegible]ha-a-a-nds bury the dead!"

The old heavy weather man jumped to his feet. He rubbed his eyes and looked around in a dazed way, probably fancying himself aboard ship. Then his eye lit upon his youngest shipmate in the rear seat. He looked at him for a minute.

"Pipe down, you d——d lubber," he said. But the train had arrived at South Ferry.

C. L. C.

A Clash of Kindred Elements.

It happened in cultured Boston. The mule was old, and he was hitched to a wagon loaded with potatoes, but the expression of his countenance as he stood meditating, with ears pulled well down over his eyes, was philosophical, and it was plain that his employment was beneath his intellectual station.

Such was the situation when a trolley wire came loose from its fastenings and fell in a graceful loop across the aged mule's back. Instantly there was a change in the landscape. The mule woke up suddenly. He was surprised. He let fly his heels, and forthwith the atmosphere of Commerce street was filled with potatoes and bits of wood and iron.

"Bam! Slam! Ker-jam!" and for a time it fairly rained potatoes and pieces of wagon.

The owner had just settled on a price for the load of potatoes when he heard a sound as of a cyclone coming. He hastened to the door to see what was the cause thereof. He could scarcely believe his eyes. There, before his astonished vision, was "Old Pete" working his heels just as merrily as he had done when he was a two-year-old.

Finally a negro discovered what was the trouble, and he went at the wire with a hatchet. One stroke severed the wire; but it was fifteen minutes before the negro was in a condition to realize what had happened.

The scene being Boston, it is unnecessary to add that the moment the wire had been severed the mule returned to his philosophic meditations.

Sarcasm.

[Cleveland Leader.]

"The Duchess of Marlborough has startled English society," says an exchange, "by appearing in a diamond-studded belt." We are at a loss to understand why that should startle folks, unless it is supposed to be the one that Mr. Corbett used to exploit.